ing down stream would stick fast. Those sheepskins with the wool full of gold were the 'golden fleece/ don't you see? Then the Greek pirates sailed for those countries and stole the golden fleeces, and occasionally took some native girls along home with them. That was the origin of the myth of Jason and Medea, but the whole thing is substantially as true as anything in history." Thus he would go on for a while, in the liveliest style, elucidating his story with all the joyousness of new discovery. This theme exhausted, lie would jump up, thank us for the pleasant evening he had had, and leave us as abruptly as he had come. He was indeed a happy man, largely owing to his wise abstinence from affairs for which he did not feel Hmself fitted; and when he died, everybody that knew him regretted he was not permitted to enjoy his happiness some years longer.

To return to the matter of bravery, I imagine that the average man when first going into battle and hearing the roar of cannon and the rattle of musketry and the whistling[1] of bullets feels an instinctive wish to be well out of it. A few will obey that wish and skulk, or run away at the first opportunity. Another limited class will feel that *gaudium certaminis** that joy of the conflict, of which the poets speak, and be impatient to rush forward. The majority will promptly gather up their spirits and then in obedience to a sense of patriotic duty or an impulse of honor or of pride, and

encouraged by
the presence of their comrades, stand their
ground and obey
the orders of their commanders to the best of
their ability.
This is the way the moral element supplements
temperamental
courage or the lack of it It is a perfectly natural
impulse to
duck one's head when a cannon-ball rushes over
it. I have seen
whole regiments do it, almost without
exception, and then
break out in a laugh. As troops grow more
accustomed to the